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Excursion Into Night

By ARNOLD SABLE, '48



Blame the Juniors. They were the ones who insisted that Cookie and Otis walk through Kilmer's, past the old house, to Memorial Cemetery for initiation into Fri Cappa. Behind the biggest gravestone the two freshmen were to drive a stake bearing their names. At first Cookie and Otis thought that it was fair; at least not as stiff as Mortie Hendriks, who drank a foul-smelling concoction of fish eyes and turpentine. But when "at night" was added to this mission, the task was simple only for the grinning Juniors.

"Why, of all things, are we doing this?" grumbled Otis as they turned onto the side road called Kilmer's. "I know I came to the U for an education to be a bird-doctor, not for dances and socials."

Cookie looked ahead, unheeding. He did nod—that's what Otis thought. Or maybe he didn't. In the dim mist nothing was clearly discernible except the tall trees. After a day of Beak Nose's "How To Dissect and Yet Not Bisect the Penguin" the silence that shrouded Kilmer's was unbearable. Beak Nose talks energetically, waving his hands about, stamping on the floor with his brogans, or poking the students in the eyes with his elbows as he walks up and down the aisle. Poor Cookie, Otis thought. The professor was on both sides of him today.

In single file they walked over planks planted firmly over a sewer. The boards sagged with the burden. Then their footsteps resumed on the gravel which led them deeper into the wood.

Otis waited for Cookie to say something, even if only that the stake Otis carried had hurt his head every time he backed into it. At the U Cookie was notorious for his rambling chatter. Finally, bored, dejected, lonesome, Otis picked a tune, dragging and scraping the long stake on the gravel for accompaniment. Cookie turned, giving him the look of refusal to answer the fifth question during an exam.

"Stop it, Oat, for heaven's sake! I don't like to swear, but that rubbing gets on my nerves."

Otis swung the stick to his shoulder while the whistling trailed off.

"I'm sorry. I didn't know you are irritated so easily." In answer to Otis' resentment, Cookie quickened his pace. "Out here it's like the back woods. The trouble is you're not moved, (and then with a majestic gesture) not inhaling this quiet and serene panorama of veiled Nature earnestly."

Again Otis waited for an answer. The disgusting pebbles were getting in his ancient shoes via the open soles. He wanted to sit on a rock and shake them out. They were pressing against his corns. But then Cookie wouldn't wait for him. Perhaps he could invent a gory tale. Cookie would become his usual self.

"Y'know, Cookie," he began in low mysterious tones that caused himself to shudder. "I hear this place is called Kilmer's because a guy named Gloomen Kilmer was the target of a strange weapon. He walked here a few years back, just like us now. Suddenly out of the black, ominous trees—same as the ones here—came a poison dart whizzing to find its mark in Kilmer's chest. They found him the next day, beyond recognition."

Abruptly Cookie stopped as Otis walked past him giving a jaunty rendition of "Okay, For Me" in his own style.

"Wait, Oat." He ran to him and stared in his face. "I'm scared. Sure, I'll admit it. You say it's quiet and serene. But I know different. I know. I heard something following us since the highway. Something that dragged."

"Stop acting like Paul Muni. Don't you think I would have heard it too?"

Cookie shrugged and continued as before. Muffling a giggle, Otis watched his companion tremble with every step. Cookie's eyes darted right and left to the trees closely bunched together like carrots. There was a secret they were concealing from prying eyes. A menacing forbiddance fell on Kilmer's while the two freshmen approached the section with the thickest growth of vegetation.

Then something quickly brushed across Cookie's cheek. Damp, cold—the thing gave him a sudden sensation as if a volt of electricity had touched him. He probably would have died from fright, if someone weren't near him.

"Hey! What's the matter, Cookie?"

Amazed, Otis watched him fight the air, madly trying to shake off an invisible disease. He lunged forward and around to strike down something.

"What's come over you?"

"A thing—a thing," he gasped, "came across my face. Felt it." As a Boy Scout, he had learned to avoid fainting by tugging at his belt. He tugged.

"I didn't see anything," said Otis simply. Here you go, fancying things."

"I felt it—cold—had sweat. It was alive." As he sat on a rock to catch his breath, he buried his face in his hands.

"Oh, it's so horrible. . . . I can't think.

Otis stood beside him, eying him suspiciously. (*What a ham! Now that he has an audience, he feels he should demonstrate his dramatic talent.*) As he waited for Cookie he looked about to note anything significant. Something against the moon caught his attention.

"Look! Look!" he shouted, excitedly pointing upwards. There's your trouble."

"What? What are you pointing to?" Cookie stood up hurriedly and followed Otis's finger. "What is it?"

"A bat," came the answer. Otis clapped his hands to his ribs and rolled with laughter. Indignantly Cookie stood his ground. He was ashamed; he had made a fool of himself. At the U Otis was notorious for his rambling chatter. (*Well, one more misapprehension won't make any difference.*) He eyed Otis; and the latter, still clinging to the remnant of a good joke, arose brushing his suit.

"No comments, now. You would have done the same thing. Keep it under your hat."

"I am not going—," Otis began. He stopped abruptly. Tomorrow was the Medical exam. Cookie had an inkling of the answers. It wouldn't hurt to be on the right side of him. Otis swung the stake back onto his right shoulder, and they continued as before.

The classmates followed the bend in the road. The air settled more depressingly as they turned at the bend. Otis didn't whistle or make conversation. All of a sudden the place had become mysterious—Gloom was the keynote; darkness, its captor. If there was a slight breeze before, it had vanished now. Hamlet's father would surely have found this setting to his liking. At once Cookie looked ahead and screamed.

"Come now, Cookie; not another bat!" joked Otis.

Then he saw. "Yike—a body!" Otis whispered, so thunderstruck, that he dropped the stake. No one noticed the loss.

They stared at a corpse, silhouetted against murky clouds, ten yards away. It

rocked brazenly from side to side, hanging from a branch over the road.

"There's no wind, Cookie. How . . .?"

"What are we going to do? Where's help? We'll have to call the police."

"I don't. Do you?"

"No."

They stared at the dangling, swaying body.

"Let's get out of here. I'm going home."

How about the cemetery? We have to prove that we came here."

"I don't care. So we won't go to dances. So what? Do you care?"

"No."

They stood in the same position.

"I'm scrambling. Come on." Otis turned and began running. He looked over his shoulder at the swinging corpse. "The heck with the Fri Cappa."

Together they ran back. Back under the now mocking trees, back to the highway. They stood at the curb watching the blinding headlights.

"Goodnight, Oat."

"See you."

Next day, going to Beak Nose, they met the fellows on the campus. Each was disgraced and let the Juniors speak first.

"Hi, Oat—Cookie. You're in, you know. Congratulations." The fellows crowded around, patting them on their backs and giving them good-natured compliments. The freshman were dumbfounded. Then Otis recovered from surprise.

"Say, how do you know we went to the cemetery? We left no stick in the ground like you told us to do. Hey, did you have anything to do with the goings-on last night?" Now he was mad.

And the fellows smothered a laugh.



By Their Humps Ye Shall Know Them

By PAUL G. DONAHUE, '49

Does your back ache? Do you have a perpetual stoop? Do you feel like an understudy for a pretzel?—Yes? Then *you* must be a Latin School boy, and therefore your daily trips to and from home are much the same as mine.

I set forth every morning full of pep; but when I arrive at school, I am a broken man in mind, spirit, and, if I'm not careful, in body as well. I manage to squeeze aboard a bus already straining at the seams and begin the first leg of my trip. With my hard, unwieldy, heavy, many-cornered bookbag—symbol of my scholarly aspirations—slung over my shoulder, I stop to rest after gaining entrance. Because many people object to being hit with this green monster, I am obliged to lower my burden to the floor. Ah, there's a place! I drop the bookbag into a small seemingly vacant space. Immediately, a cry of anguish is heard; and some poor fellow is carried from the bus at the next stop with three broken toes.

Proceeding on my merry way, I arrive at the station where I get the elevated train. I alight some four stops later, leaving several people with assorted bumps and bruises. I hear them mumble, "I'll sue! That's what I'll do; I'll sue!"

Two more Subway cars in succession, and I may get to school before the final bell sounds. Getting aboard is really a problem. When the doors open, I am jammed flat against them as fifty people try to get to the same spot at the same time. My clothes are rearranged (not to mention my features); the gong rings; we proceed. Staggering out, I wend my way from the car-stop to begin my daily chores.

Going home is a double order of the same process, because every one is eager

to get home so that he may start his homework (it says here). Frantically, I sweat and strain trying to drag both myself and my bookbag aboard the same car. Everybody seems set on the idea that the books take the *next* car. As Tennyson once remarked: "Into the valley of death rode the six hundred."

As soon as I arrive home, Mother asks, brightly, as I collapse onto the sofa, "Have you much homework to do tonight?" Why? Why does she have to say things like that?

I crawl dejectedly upstairs and dump the books out onto the floor. Mother comes running, to ask if the desk has fallen over. "No," I reply wearily, "it's only my books."

At 11 o'clock that evening, I move the chair back, intending to arise and keep a date with Morpheus. What has happened? I can't get up! Has *rigor mortis* set in? Oh, my achin' back! At last I manage to get to my feet by pressing my hands on the kidney section, looking, I suppose, like those advertisements for liver pills or porous plasters. I leave my books and crawl into bed. Dreams come during the night about magicians sawing me in half, weights resting on my mid-section, and white-coated medics with happy smiles on their faces operating to correct a spine curvature (if they can find my spine). . . .

My sufferings and those of other B. L. S. boys have led me to propose that a new club be organized—"The Dromedary Association,"—eligibility for membership to be only one well-defined hump on the back. We need no badge, no credentials to identify us.

Just think how glad Notre Dame should be to receive us—us hunchbacks!

Hero-Worship

By ROBERT H. GOLDSTEIN, '49

I was awakened from my lethargy on a downtown street corner by the sound of a steady tapping nearby. My upraised eyes gazed upon a pathetic sight. A young corporal, tightly clutching a

cane in his fist, was starting to cross the street in that indefinite manner which blind people have. I was about to offer him my arm when I heard some one on the other side of him do just that. The some one was a small man of about fifty, resplendent in his gold braid and with two stars of a general on his shoulder.



The general led him across as I tagged along behind. When we reached the other side, the boy fished in his pocket until he dug out a quarter, which he pressed into the older man's hand.

The general looked bewildered for a moment, but quickly pulled himself together. With a grand clicking of the heels and the most perfect of stiff salutes, he murmured with a tear-choked voice, "Thank you, sir."



Dawn

By ROBERT J. BOND, '47

I stood beneath the paling stars,
Alone beside the sea;
And through the air a chorus came
Down from Heaven to me.

Be thou good and righteous, love,
And pure in every way;
For life it is that life is not,
We know not hour or day.

God did point the path to tread,
The way that we must go;
And though it may be steep and rough,
It leads to Him, we know.

And from below great Neptune spoke
A soft, assenting sigh;
Afar beyond his legions marched,
All leaping at the sky.

And where at last the two did meet
There was a wondrous glow.
Within my heart a warmth arose
And, cherished there, did grow.

For God, I knew, had come to me.
His majesty was mine,
And life took on a meaning then;
Its goal became divine.

A Decision

By PAUL G. DONAHUE, '49

He was growing up, and it was high time that he decided what to do with his life. Here he was—a Class III member of B.L.S.; and his career as yet undecided! He must think about it. Therefore, he sat down and read and pondered over a few possibilities:

Accounting — No — not that! Math had always been his worst subject—he couldn't ever be bored with keeping track of what someone else did with his money — couldn't keep track of his own. (He quickly passed this up.)

Agriculture — Memories of pushing lawnmowers and weeding in his youth had given him an aversion to anything green and growing and blinded him to nature's beauty. (Wouldn't even consider this.)

Journalism — He liked to write and thought he did so fairly well, but nobody else seemed to appreciate his genius. (Oh, well! True genius is sometimes not appreciated until after death.)

Law — A great and noble profession. He had a ready wit and a glib tongue. These qualities had often gotten him

into trouble; so maybe they could get some one else out of it. (He'd think about it.)

Medicine — Certainly to be a disciple of Hippocrates would bolster his ego, even if it didn't, in this case, benefit humanity. Then, too, folks pay doctors, even though they don't cure them. Almost every one else gets paid only for what he accomplishes. (However, it took a bit too long, he thought.)

Pharmacy — He might possibly (and through carelessness, mind you,) poison someone and thus bring dishonor to his doting parents and self. (Too risky.)

Well, what *could* he do? Suddenly it came to him! What about teaching? Educators were getting into the upper brackets now, had all summer off, could look into the book for the answers. He would come back and teach at good old Boston Latin! He would be the toughest and meanest pedagogue in its long history. He would scowl, roar, bully, penalize, embarrass, give heavy assignments, pull off surprise tests, rebuke, revile, flunk. *Eureka!* That was it!



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High Flight

By F. L. RENAUD, '48

*Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of
earth,
And danced the skies on laughter-sil-
vered wings:*

These lines, from a poem by John G. McGee, Jr., R. C. A. F. pilot, killed in action in World War II, exemplify the spirit felt by any one who has ever flown. Many people use the airlines daily, yet do not experience any thrill. This is not what I mean by flying. I mean to soar alone, high up among banks of clouds. Many have not had that privilege, and it is to them that I am talking.

To climb heavenward is an experience that cannot be very well imagined. The first feeling is one of lightness and clearness as you rise from the din of worldly life. You point the nose of your eager craft upward, and instantly the plane responds. Here you are your own master; you forget your petty cares and troubles; your mind is cleansed by the pure life-giving air. You have the knowledge that you alone are flying; that is your hand that controls the movement of your craft. All about you is the splendor of the world as it is never seen on the ground. You gaze downward at the brown and green earth below. The whole countryside takes on a peaceful nature as you look on the checkerboard of farms and pastures. The cities are ridiculously small—mere dots on a broad table. On your side are the banks of clouds, that fleecy white ectoplasm of which anything is made.

There to the right is a magnificent castle, complete with towers and parapets its hazy outline exactly the same as

those on earth. You find yourself expecting soldiers to man the walls at the sharp command of a bugle and the sound of cannon. The glow of the sun illuminating everything warms you and gives you a sense of security.

Your plane hovers high in the sunlit silence poised like some giant bird for a long swoop after the wind. Supported only by flimsy wings of fabric and wood, you drift through huge caverns in the clouds. Now you have topped the heights where no bird ever has flown. There is a sense of comfort and warmth as if some one is watching over you. You can feel the nearness of an unseen presence as you trespass the silent sanctity of space. Your thoughts are uplifted, and you wonder more about the glory of Heaven. The feeling becomes more and more intense, until you feel that you can put out your hand and touch the face of God!



B. L. S. Drill

By PAUL G. DONAHUE, '49

"Fall in!" "Ten-n-shun!" "Shut up!"

With these tender salutations, our loving drill captain greets us twice a week. He reports to the Colonel and then marches us away to a quiet spot. Then it begins:

"Straighten those rifles!"—"Stand up straight!"—"Company, forward march!"—"As you were!" "Pimplestein! Put away that candy bar! Where do you think you are? In Latin class?" (The hapless recruit hastily jams the remains of his snack into his pocket, and we try it again).

This time we get going, but not for long. "Company, halt!" roars the all-powerful potentate. "How disgusting!"—"Slovenlee! Your uniform looks like you slept in it!" "Hogberg, why didn't you buy a larger-size uniform? Looks like there's someone else in there with you."

("Ye Gods!" thinks the company. "Twenty-five minutes more of this to go through.")

"Right face!" cries the captain. Every one except Goofer does it correctly. Goofer just stands there. "Goofer, didn't you hear me? Right face!"

"This is my right face, sir," innocently replies Goofer.

Captain takes Goofer outside, mumbling something about exceptional stupidity above and beyond the standard of Latin School boys. When they come back, Goofer looks truly penitent.

Operations resume, and for a while everything is all right. Then the captain yells, "Halt! . . . Some of you guys don't even know where you are. . . . Happnut there, for instance. . . . Jerksky, stop hitching up your pants! Get

dressed before you come here!"

Just then, a Pony Express rider arrives with the latest bulletins from the Inner Sanctum. Nos. 45, 782, 945—"All boys interested in eating must fill out the new four-page form (revised and edited), which will be supplied in home-room period if they wish to buy lunch-checks. Birth certificates also requested."

With perspiration running down his face, the captain says in a tremulous and tense voice, "When I was a little boy, my mother gave me some wooden soldiers to play with. A few days later, I lost them. She said, 'Never mind, son; you'll get them back again some day.' Boy! I never realized till now how right she was!"

Feeling very much hurt, we try to do better, but a few members don't escape the captain's wrath. Again, through the hallowed halls of Latin School, resounds a bull-like bellow.

"Starecase, stop gazing around as if you were at an art exhibit! Puh—leez! . . . Driplee, your tongue is hanging out. Roll that thing up. It isn't home-room period yet. Honest, I've seen livelier-looking faces on iodine bottles."

Several boys ask what to do if their hats fall off during Prize Drill. "Just leave 'em! Keep on going."

"Just leave 'em?" echo the boys.

"Yes, no matter what happens—even if your *pants* fall off, leave 'em!"

Disgusted with such vulgarity, we leave the Hall in a rush as the bell rings, even though we are all tired out from our exertions. Here and there through the crowd, boys murmur about midnight murders and other things which bode no good for our captain.

[P.S. On Prize-Drill Day this outfit won a first prize!!!]

The Signal

By LEONARD GREENBAUM, '48



The hot sun beat down upon the marketplace of a small Mediterranean town. Almost noon, the traffic in the market was heavy. Army lorries moved slowly and menacingly through the crowded streets. The natives, riding on donkeys, went their way, oblivious of everything around them. People stocking food in anticipation of the coming holiday. Old men tended the shops; women purchased; children played. For weeks, in the tense atmosphere following riots in nearby cities, people waited for the kettle to boil over. Now, with the approach of the holiday, the situation had returned to normal. Soldiers once again walked fearlessly through the streets. Only their presence and barbed wire marred the serenity of the square.

On a rooftop not far distant, crouched a youth, garbed in the clothes of a farmer. Every few minutes he looked up and gazed towards the desert. Beads of perspiration rolled off his face. He kept wetting his dry, caked lips. His eyes were narrowed to keep out the glare of the blinding light. His hair was mussed; his skin, tan.

"If only the signal would come!" he thought. "Then this damnable waiting

would be over. It reaches inside of you and knots your stomach, makes your hands clammy, and parches your throat. Oh, to do it, and get it over with, instead of waiting and waiting!"

Once more he looked across the desert. Still no signal. It seemed strange to him that he had undertaken so great a responsibility. He shook his head and smiled. A year ago he had been in a dilemma. He couldn't decide what to wear to a masquerade party. Funny, how the older men had ignored him when he asked for their help. He had thought them harsh and inconsiderate, but now he knew that they had been facing bigger problems. He drew his arm across his forehead to wipe away the sweat.

A longing smile showed as he thought of his older brother. They had had many a good time. They had worked in their father's orchard, just visible from the rooftop. He could picture the long rows of orange trees resplendent with ripe fruit. Some seasons were good, some bad. But always when they worked, they sang and were cheerful. Theirs was a happy life. A good soccer team represented the town, and they had always gone to watch the games. No more time

for play, now; it's all work and worry. He used to enjoy plaguing his brother about his girl until he said one word too many. He rubbed his jaw reminiscently. Those were the days. Then the war. His brother joined the army and marched away. The last word was from Tobruk, before the Government sent the bad news. They wept and held services. But they couldn't mourn for him; memorial week was forgotten. It was harvest time and all were needed in the fields. . . .

From where he lay on the roof, the surrounding country was visible for miles. The desert was no longer dry sand and howling wind. It was farms and houses and villages. They could well be proud. From barren earth they had brought forth fruit. They had changed sand dunes into cultivated furrows. Irrigation and hard toil were their formula; and despite all the tension and trouble, settlements were still being founded. More land was being irrigated; more towns, built.

Then there was school. To get good marks was difficult; but those who intended to go to the University studied hard and long. Theirs was a task that meant little relaxation. Between farm and school, the students had time only for eating and sleeping. Although only a few weeks ago, it seemed like months since he had last been in a schoolroom. Now he lay on his belly, waiting for a

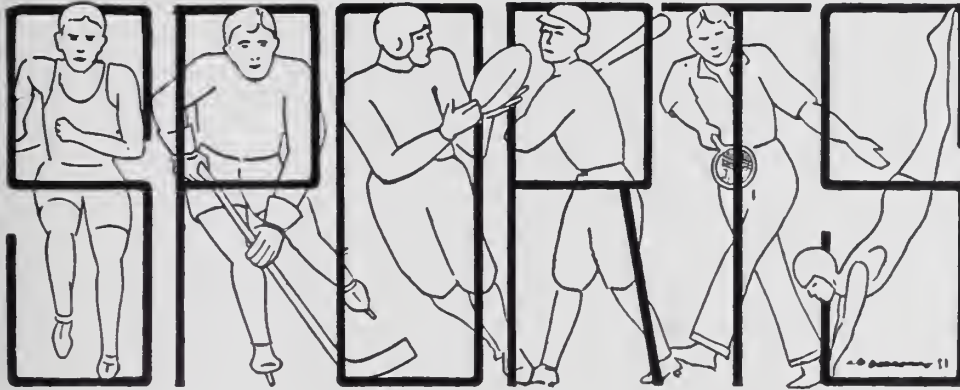
signal. Below in the street a patrol passed. If he were found, it meant death. Last week, he had gone to the funeral of an eighteen-year-old friend, who had been found carrying a whip. The authorities had hanged him. Without a trial, without mercy, in the semi-darkness of early dawn, that boy had been sent to meet his Maker.

He silently cursed the soldiers. Then he considered himself: no uniform, no ribbons; but for fighting, one didn't need the fancy extras. It was courage that you had or remembering your cause. He was fighting for that orange orchard in the distance; for his way of life; for the rights of free men; and, above all, for a homeland for his people. No longer would they take it lying down. They had arms and money. His father and mother hadn't "raised him to be a soldier." But neither had thousands of children been raised to die in D. P. camps or to be deported to bleak islands in the middle of the Mediterranean. "Rise and show your strength" was the cry of the prophets of old and men of to-day.

Then he looked once more out in the distance but . . . A flicker . . . There it was again. . . . The signal! . . . The signal! He rose to his feet and, aiming at the target, threw the missile.

An explosion rent the air.





Baseball

Latin Drops Opener

April 15: On "opening day" at Smith Field, Coach Fitzgerald called on "Joe" Garvin to toe the mound against Commeree. The boys from Commeree, however, solved the offerings of "Joe" and Relief Pitcher "Fran" Irons for nine runs. Harry Hewes was Latin's heavy hitter, collecting two bingles.

Summary:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	—R	H	E
Latin	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	—2	7	1
Com-												
merce	0	3	0	5	0	0	1	0	x	—9	13	2

Line-up: Meterparel, cf; Diamond, rf; Young, 1b; Higgins, 1b; Alberti, lf; Carey, ss; Hewes, 3b; Powell, 2b; Barton, c; Garvin, p; Irons, p.

Latin Goes on Rampage 14-0

April 22: After losing the first two games, the Purple and White showed a complete reversal of form as they hammered the offerings of the Charlestown pitcher for ten hits and fourteen runs. "Fran" Irons had the Charlestown batters "eating out of his hand" as he scattered four hits and struck out nine. "Joe" Garvin and "Buddy" Powell led the Latin attack with three hits

each. Charlestown's errors helped the Latin cause immeasurably.

Summary:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	—R	H	E
Latin	0	0	2	1	1	1	4	5	x	—14	10	1
Charles-												
town	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0	4	9

Line-up: Meterparel, cf; Diamond, rf; Garvin, rf; Powell, 2b; Hewes, 3b; Alberti, lf; Young, 1b; Dowd, ss; Barton, c; Irons, p.

Dorchester Edges Latin

April 25: In a game marred by steady rain, Dorchester beat Latin 11-10 at Draper Field. The game was finally called at the end of the fifth. "Pete" Capodilupo was nominated to toil for Latin; and although he allowed only four hits, he issued nine passes, which proved fatal to Latin. In their half of the fifth Latin rallied with five big runs, but they fell one run short of tying Dorchester.

	1	2	3	4	5	—R	H	E
Dorchester	0	5	0	4	2	—11	4	1
Latin	1	0	0	4	5	—10	5	2

Line-up: Meterparel, cf; Powell, 2b; Garvin, rf; Hewes, 3b; Young, 1b; Sullivan, ss; Alberti, lf; Barton, c; Capodilupo, p.

Latin Beats Memorial 9-6

April 29: At Almont Field Latin and Roxbury Memorial engaged in a slugfest with our boys emerging victorious, 9 to 6. Although Latin was outhit 11 to 10, the Purple hits counted. "Fran" Irons was sent to the mound in quest of Victory Number Two, and he pitched and batted his way to victory. Every one in the Latin line-up hit safely (at least once) with the exception of catcher "Buzz" Barton. "Gene" Higgins and "Fran" Irons led the Latin attack with two hits apiece. "Fran" Irons, "Bob" Sullivan, and "Bill" Alberti hit triples.

Summary

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	—R	H	E
Latin	0	0	4	0	1	0	0	3	1	—9	10	4
Memo-												
rial	1	0	0	2	1	1	0	0	0	—1	11	5

Line-up: Meterparel, cf; Garvin, lf; Powell, 2b; Alberti, rf; Hewes, 3b; Higgins, 1b; Sullivan, ss; Barton, c; Irons, p.

St. Marks Triumphs 11-9

May 1: Boston Latin traveled to Southboro to be beaten by St. Mark's nine, 11 to 9. "Pete" Capodilupo went to the mound for Latin and allowed only seven hits in dropping his second game of the season. St. Mark's was outhit, but they cashed in on five Latin errors. In the fourth Latin went ahead 6-4 but St. Mark's tied it up in the fifth. In the seventh inning St. Mark's went ahead 8-7, and three more St. Mark's runs in the eighth sealed the game for them. Latin rallied with two runs in the ninth, but fell two runs short of tying the score. Frank Irons hit a pinch double in the ninth. "Joe" Garvin and "Bill" Alberti led the Latin attack with two hits apiece.

Summary

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	—R	H	E
St.												
Mark's	4	0	0	0	2	0	2	3	x	—11	7	6
Latin	0	3	0	3	0	0	1	0	2	—9	9	5

Line-up: Meterparel, cf; Powell, 2b; Garvin, 1b; Alberti, lf; Hewes, 3b; Higgins, lf; Sullivan, ss; Irons, c; Conte, c; Capodilupo, p.

Summary

Latin Belts Brandeis 23-3

May 6: "Bill" Alberti notched his first victory of the year, while the Latin batters went on a wild spree as they pounced on the Brandeis pitchers for twenty hits and twenty-three runs. Six of these hits were for extra bases. The Brandeis batters could collect only five hits and score three runs against "Bill". Thirteen of them went down swinging. In the fifth inning a twin killing snuffed out a Brandeis rally. In the eighth the Latin team batted around twice to score seven runs. In the lop-sided encounter Frank Irons, "Joe" Garvin, and "Bill" Alberti collected three hits apiece and "Steve" Meterparel and "Buzz" Barton two each.

Summary:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	—R	H	E
Latin	2	0	1	5	2	2	4	7	x	—23	20	4
Bran-												
deis	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	—3	5	9

Line-up: Meterparel, cf; DeLang, cf; Garvin, 1b; Young, 1b; Powell, 2b; Carey, 2b; Higgins, 1b; Connors, 1b; Irons, rf; Capodilupo, rf; Hewes, 3b; Kelly, 3b; Sullivan, ss; Dowd, ss; Barton, c; Conte, c; Alberti, p.

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Latin Wins Slugfest 14-13

May 8: Boston Latin and Hyde Park engaged in a wild slugfest at Draper Field, in which Latin emerged victorious, 14-13. Frank Irons started for Latin, but was relieved by "Pete" Capodilupo in the fifth inning. Capodilupo gave up only four hits in his relief role, but four runs crossed the plate while he was chalking up his first victory of the season. All four runs were unearned and came in the fifth inning. A five-run rally in the sixth brought Latin back into the game. Trailing 13-12, the Latin team went into the seventh.

Frank Irons walked. He was forced out by Meterparel at second; but when the second baseman threw wild trying to double "Steve" Meterparel at first, the speedster took second. "Joe" Garvin singled, but was out trying to stretch his hit to a double, Meterparel scoring. "Buddy" Powell walked, bringing up slugger "Bill" Alberti. "Bill" singled, sending Powell to third. Then, with two out and Powell on third, Alberti took a long lead off second. While the Hyde Park team was trying to run down "Bill", Powell scored from third before the tag was made on Alberti. This run proved to be the winning tally, as neither Latin nor Hyde Park scored again in the game.

Summary

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	—R	H	E
Latin	0	2	1	4	0	5	2	0	x	—14	13	5
Hyde Park	0	1	3	5	4	0	0	0	0	—13	8	4

Line-up: Meterparel, cf; Garvin, 1b; Powell, 2b; Alberti, lf; Connors, rf; Capodilupo, p, 5; Hewes, 3b; Sullivan, ss; Barton, c; Irons, p.

Trade Wins in Ninth

May 9: Rallying with five runs in the ninth inning, Trade broke a 5-5 tie to defeat our boys, 10-5. "Peter Capodilupo started for Latin, but, in the fifth, was relieved by "Bill" Alberti who in

turn had to receive assistance from "Franny" Irons in the ninth. The loss was Alberti's second. A four-run rally in the seventh was the only bright spot. "Buddy" Powell and Harry Hewes got two hits apiece.

Summary

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	—R	H	E
Trade	0	0	0	2	3	0	0	0	5	—10	9	2
Latin	0	0	0	1	0	0	4	0	0	—5	7	2

Line-up: Meterparel, cf; Garvin, 1b; Powell, 2b; Alberti, lf, p, 5; Irons, rf, p, 9; Hewes, 3b; Sullivan, ss; Barton, c; Capodilupo, lf, p.

Latin Edges Southie 5-4

May 15: The Latin hopes of defeating English were raised a little when, behind the fine twirling of "Pete" Capodilupo, the team edged Southie, 5-4. The game was highlighted by a little rhubarb caused by an umpire's decision at home. When the disturbance was quelled, the boys from Latin played good offensive and defensive ball. Evidence of the latter is shown by two Southie runners tagged out as a result of pegs rifled by Catcher "Buzz" Barton as they were trying to steal second. The winning tally was scored in the tenth inning in the same manner as in the Hyde Park game. With men on first and third, the runner on first took a daring lead off his base. While the opposing team tried to run him down, the runner on third scored.

"Joe" Garvin, as usual, led the Latin attack with two hits.

Summary

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	—R	H	E
Latin	0	0	1	0	0	0	2	1	0	1	—5	7	5
South Boston	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	2	0	0	—4	6	3

Line-up: Meterparel, cf; Garvin, 1b; Powell, 2b; Alberti, lf; Irons, rf; Hewes, 3b; Sullivan, ss; Barton, c; Capodilupo, p.

Varsity Shades Faculty 9-8

May 16: It was a great day at Draper as the youngsters of the Faculty came to bat against the varsity. The visitors batted in this order: "Pep" McCarthy, the shortstop, led off. "Pete" Dolan, the next stickler, looked good on second. "Sharpie" Jameson, the third batter, wearing silk stockings (we think), almost tore his teammates' arms off with his rifle-like pegs from center-field. "Eddie" Lambert, catcher and clean-up batter, had a double to his credit, and, in breaking up a double play, threw a block that was heard around the field. "Steve" Patten, the pitcher, followed, and, after two unsuccessful tries, he hit a booming triple over the centerfielder's head. "Long John" O'Brien, the right fielder, our beloved punster, in spite of not being able to see the low balls, hit two singles. "Jimmy" Kean followed Mr. O'Brien at the plate and proved his worth by playing third and relieving Mr. Patten on the mound. Mr. Lohrer, the idol of the "Sixies", was a second clean-up batter. "Fitzie", the last batter, demonstrated to his boys how not to hit by striking out twice.

On the other side of the ledger we come to the varsity men, having the

regular line-up with a few exceptions. The batting order is as follows: Meterparel, Sullivan, cf; Dowd, Carey, ss; Connors, lf; DeLang, Irons, rf; Hewes, 2b; Powell, 3b; Young, Capodilupo, 1b; Barton, Kelly, c; Garvin, p.

"Judge" McCabe umpired.

In the first half of the first inning the Faculty were put away 1-2-3, while in the last half of the same frame the regulars were retired in almost the same manner. Nothing interesting happened in the next half inning, but the Varsity drew first blood, scoring two runs because the masters seemed to be out of shape. In the first half of the third the Faculty countered with one run, but this score merely infuriated the Varsity, who, when their turn came to bat, made five tallies on singles by Garvin, Connors, DeLang, and Young, and a triple by Dowd. The rest of the game was likewise a mass of scoring with three runs in the fourth for the Faculty, one in the same frame for the home team, four in the fifth for the masters, and one in that inning for the Varsity.

Summary

	1	2	3	4	5	6	R	H	E
Faculty	0	0	1	3	4	0	8	7	6
Varsity	0	2	5	1	1	x	9	7	4

Tennis

April 22: Under the guidance of the new coach, Mr. Walter McCarthy, the tennis team opened its season against Commerce. Holdovers from last year's team are E. Balkin, A. Goldberg, D. Swartz, S. Schwartz, D. Bloom. Balkin is the No. One man on the team.

Score: Latin 5, Commerce 0.

Singles:

Balkin 6—0, 6—0.
Scheer 6—0, 6—0.
Swartz 6—0, 6—0.

Doubles:

Goldberg, Bloom 6—0, 6—1.
Schwartz, Barrabee 6—0, 6—1.
April 29: Latin—5; Hyde Park—0.

Singles:

Balkin 6—0, 6—0.
Scheer 6—0, 6—0.
Swartz 6—0, 6—0.

Doubles:

Neitlich-Hart 6—0, 6—1.
Goldberg-Levenson 6—0, 6—1.

EDITORIALS₀₈

The Past and the Future

This issue of the *Register* marks the end of another scholastic year, a year in which our school has accomplished much. The basketball team emerged champions, not only of the Boston Conference, but also of Class B in the Tech Tourney. Academically Latin School boys are winning the usual scholarships. The Dramatic Club's presentation of "Ten Little Indians" was warmly received and highly lauded. Last, but certainly not least, the *Register* received the Gold Medal of the Columbia Scholastic Press Association, symbolic of the best in the country's high school magazines.

In awarding the Gold Medal, the C.S.P.A. compared the publications of high schools throughout the country. Results: the *Register* ranked highest among the Medalists for the first time in our five years of membership with the association.

Now that the Seniors have left for colleges unknown, we, the Juniors of the *Register* staff, express our congratulations and well-wishes to the previous Executive Board and to the departing members of the staff. For the sake of the uninformed, let it be known that much more goes into putting out the *Register* than meets the eye. First, money must be secured in order to finance each issue. Circulation must be high, and advertising space must be sold. Provided sufficient material has been submitted, a "dummy" copy is put together. This is the Editor's job, one that means long hours of hard work. Each page must be properly spaced. Pictures must be chosen. Everything has to be exactly right. Then, with faculty approval, it goes to press.

Thanks are due to Mr. Marson, Mr. Rosenthal, and Mr. Gordon for their interest and patience. To Editor Alan Miller, Business Manager Philip Shapiro, Advertising Manager Philip Barach, Circulation Manager David Ingall, and writers like Edwin Schlosberg and Irwin Miller goes credit for a job well done.

Now they have stepped out of the picture. The reins have been placed in new hands. This issue and the first three of next year are and will be the product of our sweat, ink, and tears. We have a difficult job ahead in equaling the record of this year's staff. With the help of pupils and masters, we can do the job. Circulation must be one hundred per cent. As for literary and artistic contributions, it is an oft-told tale: All articles, stories, essays, editorials, poems, pictures, cartoons, and sketches are welcome with open arms. If your work is good, it will certainly be used. If, at first, your material doesn't appear, don't quit. Give it another try. The *Register* is looking forward to another banner year and another gold medal. With your help, it will come through successfully.

Literary Application Quiz

Below is a short quiz intended to test your acquaintance with books. Match the famous characters of the first column and the works in which they appear, in the second column and then to the authors of the works in the third column.

Count five points for each correct match and ten points for matching all three parts correctly. Consider score of 10-60 poor; 60-80 good; 80-90 excellent; 90-100 superior.

I	II	III
A. Quasimodo	A. "Three Musketeers"	I. Thackeray
B. Aramis	B. "The Tempest"	II. Sheridan
C. Jean Valjean	C. "Mill on the Floss"	III. Eliot
D. Captain Nemo	D. "The Rivals"	IV. Goldsmith
E. Mrs. Maloprop	E. "Vanity Fair"	V. Shakespeare
F. Rebecca Sharp	F. "Uncle Tom's Cabin"	VI. Stowe
G. Tony Lumpkin	G. "Les Miserables"	VII. Verne
H. Caliban	H. "She Stoops to Conquer"	VIII. Hugo
I. Eva St. Claire	I. "Notre-Dame de Paris"	IX. Hugo
J. Maggie Tulliver	J. "Twenty Thousand Leagues" Under the Sea"	X. Dumas

Nickname Application Quiz

Below is a quiz intended to test your knowledge of the nicknames of famous personages of history. Match Column I with Column II . . . id est . . . match the personage to his nickname.

Count ten points for each correct answer. Consider 10 to 60 poor; 60 to 80 very good; 80 or better superior.

I	II
A. Attila	I. "Poor Noll"
B. Oliver Goldsmith	II. "The Swedish Nightingale"
C. Andrew Jackson	III. "The Border Minstrel"
D. Ivan II of Russia	IV. "The Seourge of God"
E. Richard P. Blane	V. "Old Fuss and Feathers"
F. Zachary Taylor	VI. "Old Hickory"
G. Winfield Scott	VII. "The Terrible"
H. Sir Walter Scott	VIII. "Silver Dick"
I. James W. Riley	IX. "The Hoosier Poet"
J. Jenny Lind	X. "Old Rough and Ready"

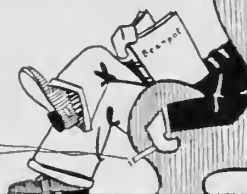
ANSWERS

II—f	III—E
XI—I	IIA—D
III—H	C—VI
A—G	B—I
X—F	VI—A

ANSWERS

III—C—f	E—D—G
IA—F—I	D—J—III
H—B—V	C—G—II
G—H—IV	X—A—B
F—E—I	III—A—V

Something of Interest.



COLONY.

George I. Mulhern (301) was the winner of an \$1800 (tuition fully paid) scholarship to Amherst College. Congratulations, George!

Cyrus Anthony Del Vecchio (121) won the recent Hearst Oratorical Contest here in Boston. The subject was "Patrick Henry." Cyrus won a \$250 first prize over competitors from twenty-nine Boston Schools.

On April 9, 1947, WBZ made a recording at the B. L. S. auditorium of a radio program to which four Boston schools contributed. The participating schools were Girls' High, Girls' Latin, Boston English, and Boston Latin. Michael Del Vecchio (303) represented B. L. S. The subject of the radio forum was "Lowering the Voting Age", and the recording was to be broadcast on Saturday, May 17, 1947.

During the week of the April vacation, a Science Fair was held in the lunchroom of B. L. S. Participants were from schools from Boston and vicinity.

On April 21, 1947, during the first and second periods, a Junior Town Meeting was held for Classes V and VI. The question was: "Resolved: That the Members of the Boston City Council Should Be Elected at Large instead of by Words". The affirmative speakers were Geoffrey R. Paul (208) and Stanley Tobin (118). The negative was upheld by

Robert Baecigalupo (207). Edmund Blake (303) acted as chairman, Dr. Collins was moderator, and Mr. O'Leary handled the questions.

A debate was held at Mission High on May 1, 1947, on the subject of "Socialized Medicine". B. L. S. took the affirmative; and its speakers were Geoffrey R. Paul (208), Robert Resnick (208), and Stanley Tobin (118). Mission took the negative.

On the evening of May 3, 1947, a radio debate took place between two classical schools, Roxbury Latin (Private School, founded 1645) and Boston Latin (Public school, founded 1635), and Station WMEX. The question was "Is War with Russia Inevitable?" Boston said, "Yes;" Roxbury said, "No." John Rexine (301) and Edmund Blake (303) were speakers for B. L. S., with George Mulhern (301) taking the rebuttal. This was a non-decision debate.

The Literary Club of 1947 has presented the school with a memorable gift. It is a complete set of thirty-five records of Shakespeare's "Othello".

The Dramatic Club is to be congratulated on its brilliant performances of Agatha Christie's "Ten Little Indians" on May 6, 7, 8, 9. The success of the play is due in great measure to the Dramatics Club's director, Mark F. Russo.

By JOHN E. REXINE, '47

Alumni Column

Harold Band, '43, is being graduated from Harvard University in June. During the entire four years, he has been on the Dean's List and is graduating with high honors. Incidentally, Harold wrote the Alumni Column while at Latin.

The Harvard *Crimson* announces that Paul J. Douglas, '43, has been elected to the Freshman Jubilee Committee. As soon as we discover what that is, we will let you know.

Howard K. Shokar, '43, former member of the Army Civilian Intelligence Corps, is taking part in radio programs at Amherst. He is slated to graduate this June.

Another Latin boy at Harvard has made good. He is Alan S. Cohen, recently elected to the Phi Beta Kappa Society.

Oliver N. McLeod, '45, has a leading role in the coming production of Goethe's "Urfaust" at Amherst. He is also director of the college Band and a member of Chi Phi Fraternity.

Sidney Myers, '46, remembered for his performance of Jonathan in "Arsenic and Old Lace," is a member of the cast of "Ghengis Khan," recently presented by Brown University. He is a regular announcer on the Campus radio station.

The B.L.S. Alumni Association held their annual dinner and meeting on Wednesday, May 7, 1947, in the Latin School lunchroom. After consuming Victory Lunch No. 2, with no ill effects, they adjourned to the Assembly Hall to see the production of "Ten Little Indians" by the Dramatics Society.

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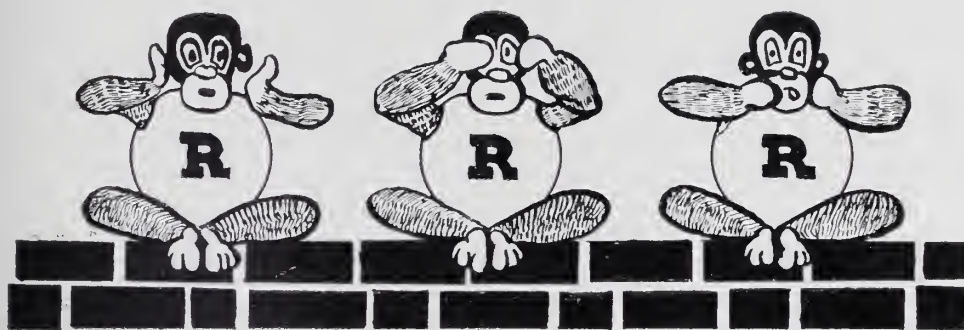
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March 25. Ye R.R.R. spent this glorious day finishing last month's column and passing it in a day after the deadline.

March 26: Spring is really here; baseball candidates to 212; golf hopefuls to 232; tennis team to 233; *Register* Circulation Staff to 210 for training in sprinting and stair-climbing.

March 27: Warning was given to the pupils of the Boston Schools that the "EP" has run out of blue carcheck applications. Mr. McGuffin suggested that it wasn't right to use them for lunch room one-cent tickets.

March 28: Well, boys of basketball, the idyl is over. You lost to Patten Ae. Now, back to Phiz Ed! . . . The Boston P. H. S. Symphony Band, with its strong nucleus of Latin School boys, presented an excellent concert at Jordan Hall. The evening was highlighted by an oration by a well-known member of the School Committee. Ho-Hum!

March 31: Those *Ipaua* smiles on the faces of Messrs. Marson, Gordon, and Rosenthal are due to the Columbia Medalist Award presented to the *Register*. Now I know why Mr. Marson was gluing together Pages 53 and 54 of the Christmas Issue late last year. You guessed it — Columbia never even saw the R.R.R.

April 1: The April Fools are the Class I boys: \$1 for Class Dues, \$12 for Class Rings, \$6 for Yearbook, \$4 for Class Banquet, \$3.60 for Farewell

Prom: \$ \$ everywhere. I'm going mad. . . . Going?

April 2: The overflowing attendance at today's meeting of the French Club was due to the interesting *talk* given by the guest, Madame Jacqueline Taylor.

April 3 and 4: No school. (Appetizer for next week's vacation.)

April 7: The atmosphere of depression which hung like a cloud over the school was caused by the realization of the sad plight of the starving animals of the Franklin Park Zoo. A spontaneous fund collection was immediately inaugurated.

April 8: That raucous, discordant uproar heard rising out of the Assembly Hall is not the result of terrible tortures; it's merely the Senior Class rehearsing the Class Song.

April 9: A strange epidemic has spread among Seniors this past week. In fact, more Class I boys were absent than present today. We believe this peculiar illness comes at the same time each year. It is called *college-boarditis*.

April 10: An aura of expectancy has settled over the school. Ten Little Indians are coming.

April 11: Vacation starts today at 2:15 for all except eighty-odd unfortunates all taking you-know-what tomorrow.

April 12:

Here lies the body of Johnny White; He looked at the Boards and died of fright.

April 13-20: Those madmen you saw celebrating during vacation were still recovering from April 12.

April 21: Class I Boy: "Don't tell me we still have to have **HOMEWORK AND TESTS!**"

April 24: Prize Reading proved for the first time that Latin School boys know how to—no! no! take it away! I'll stop!

April 25: Seniors' marks close. Owing to the fact that all boys who took College Boards were excused from homework the week before the Boards this became a 3-day marking period, followed by a 3-day mourning period.

April 29: The chase of the harassed secretaries of the various clubs after D. B. and his disciples has caught the interest of the now thoroughly bored Class Iers.

April 30: It's interesting to mark the attitude some masters adopt in their desperate attempts to sell tickets to the play. The methods vary from threatening to cajoling to pleading, and, as a last resort, to extra points.

May 1: One wonders how many times there appears in the daily notice the words: "The — Club will meet today in Room 205. *Dues must be paid* at this meeting."

May 2: After we went to the extraordinary trouble of shining our shoes, Prize Drill was postponed because of inclement weather. (As Scholastic Aptitude Vets know, that means it was raining). Many shrewd "operators" were caught with their home-lessons down. "But, sir, mercy; no test, aa-ah!"

May 5: At the Assembly in the Hall today, Bill congratulated Steve, Charlie congratulated Steve, etc., etc., and everything was "buddy buddy". The occasion? The Alumni Association awarded violet jackets to the

basketball team in reward for their championship. Dr. Powers had a good word to say even for the Band.

May 6: At Prize Drill there was more brass than in the Pentagon. The band, inspired by Dr. Powers's praise, won an uncontested first prize.

May 7: Let's see now. Harvard Freshmen beat Latin School baseball team 24-0. Latin defeated Brandeis 23-3. (No, Joe, that's baseball, not spring football). That makes Harvard Frosh better than — no-no—such thoughts are better left unvoiced.

May 8: A word to the wise: On May 16, the Faculty will play the Varsity baseball team in a "friendly little game". Despite all attempts by the masters to keep this fact quiet, Ye R.R.R. has discovered the truth. Here's your chance, fellows. Go to it.

May 9: Today is the day. All Seniors (who have *jobs*, that is) are to be excused from school for good with tears in their eyes. Some can hardly be persuaded to leave.—Now brace yourself; Ye R.R.R. is about to philosophize. Wait; don't turn the page.—The R.R.R. column is like the weather; everyone complains about it, but no one ever does anything about it. Every year, all and sundry have complaints and helpful suggestions to make; and each Latin School boy is quite sure that he could write a good R.R.R. Then some fool volunteers; and for the next eight months you see him wandering around the school, trying desperately to find something of interest in old B.L.S. This year, these fools were Yours Truly, who have derived from writing this column multifold benefits, including a *Raving* tongue, a *Rambling* walk, and a *Roving* eye. Remember, keep smiling.

Avram Goldberg
Phil Shapiro

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